

RESTORATION

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A Son Of Israel Comes Through The Blue Door

By Catherine de Hueck

He was tall, thin, and double-jointed. I found out about the latter, when, having come through the Blue Door, he chose for his seat the small narrow typewriter table that stood, typewriter-less, next to my desk. Placing himself on it, Moslem fashion, he looked most comfortable and relaxed.

We talked easily. I liked him. He was young. He had the long gentle face of a poet, a dreamer, a student. We ask few questions in Friendship House. We have found out that it is better thus . . . for there is something sacred about a human being that must not be violated ever, especially by curiosity. It is to be revered and loved.

We Are Jews Too

But in the course of our slow, desultory, yet friendly, conversation, he told me he was a poet, wrote for the New Yorker, and was a Jew. An Orthodox Jew. I was glad, with the strange gladness that always comes to me when, through out Blue Door, a son or daughter of Israel enters. For I never can forget that we Catholics are, spiritually, all Semites. Christ was a Jew, and so was Miriam, His mother; and the Church was born out of the open heart of a Jewish Man Who was also God. I love Jews.

He stayed for supper, but ate little; for his was kosher food and we had none. He continued to talk slowly, beautifully about many things. There was much charity in him, and he made our little Madonna Flat in Harlem warm with it. Mostly everyone listened. It was worth while listening to. Then we all said together the official evening prayer of the Church, Compline. Somehow he made the Psalms of David live for us. He recited them with so much fervor.

We were sorry when he had to go. But he came back soon again, and then he was coming often, as a volunteer of Friendship House, helping with the Brothers Christopher . . . with our youth paper . . . with our little class in journalism. He did everything very graciously . . . but not always efficiently, for he appeared rather absent-minded at times. Still, caritas, whose other name is love, spoke loudly in every gesture of his . . . shone from his face . . . spoke through his words. We loved him more and more.

A Jew On The Staff?

One day he startled me, by asking if he could not become a Staff Worker, and live our strange way of life . . . a way of utter poverty and complete dedication to the Lay Apostolate of Catholic Action. I did not answer at once but begged a little time to pray over it.

That night I wondered how could this come about. For ours is a fully ROMAN CATHOLIC WAY OF LIFE . . . and he was a Jew. And yet . . . and yet . . . how could I refuse such a shining

soul, one that would bless all it touched?

There was only one thing to do . . . and that was to see the Ordinary of the Diocese and ask his advice. This I did. I shall never forget the warm paternal smile of a great man, not his words. "Catherine, how can we refuse the son of our Mother? You know well that we are all, spiritually, children of Abraham. Take him with my blessing and see what happens."

I did. It worked out well. The young man took his day off from Friday evening 'til Sunday morning . . . and worked Sundays when we rested. He was punctilious in dealing with Catholics, always giving them the right literature, always bringing them to someone who knew the answers, if he did not. Most of the time he did, because he was well learned, in an intellectual abstract way, in our Faith.

Things He Must Learn

There was, of course, the difficulties of learning many things. Like mopping floors, for instance. The first time he was given this humble task, he departed with mop and pail across the street to the store-front he had to clean. An hour passed, then two. He was still there.

Sheer curiosity overcame me. What could a man do to a floor in two hours, that ordinarily took only thirty minutes to get mopped? I crossed the street, opened the door and stood stock still. For all the water in the pail was on the floor. He stood in it, the dry mop upside down in his hands. He was using it to write against it, on a brown piece of paper. He was scribbling a beautiful poem about mops, floors, clean soapy water, etc.

Softly I asked him what was going on. Startled, he turned around, and, with a slight blush, acknowledged that, since he did not know how to mop a floor, he thought a poem about the components, the work, would make up for this deficiency. I told him it did not. But we printed the poem . . . and I taught him how to mop a floor.

There were many incidents, I could relate . . . but it would make a book I am

afraid. He was the kind of man . . . about whom books, someday, will be written.

So He Up And Left

One day, almost a year and a half later, he left us. His health began to fail on our slender fare. He did not write us often. Once in a while I would get a letter with funny little illustrations . . . a very short letter . . . that made me strangely glad. Once in a while I answered in the same man-

Back Bush Trapper Finds The Spoor of Sanctity

By Gerald Drummond

Every Catholic knows that grace at mealtime is the proper thing; but grace between meals is more important still.

This plan is a New Year resolution I made a long, long time ago; but suitable for any time, as you can date it from the day you start, without waiting for the next New Year's day. Don't put it off, because you will forget about it, and the resolution is too valuable to lose.

a calamity, but unprepared death certainly is.

I decided to keep a clean conscience by not committing any WILFUL sin. God's grace is always sufficient for us, if only we use it. But to keep a clear conscience for a year seemed too difficult, until I reduced it to practical working lines by "grace between meals."

The reason why resolutions fail is that they are planned to last for too long a time. Memory does not keep pace with them. They are forgotten so often that they either fade out or are given up as hopeless. The thing is to make a resolution for as long as resolutions usually last — say a few hours — and to KEEP RE-NEWING it.

I made a year's resolution, a year's contract, on a day to day basis. The only way to do a year's work is day by day; and the only way to do a day's work is hour by hour.

One Meant To Last

Make a resolution to last from one mealtime to another, and keep renewing it. Then you will find the hours run into days, the days into months, almost unnoticed, and that you have kept your conscience clear of any wilful sin for a long time—and you will keep going, because it will become a habit.

Say after breakfast, "Dear Lord, I promise not KNOWINGLY to offend You between now and dinner." Keep an ordinary watch on your conscience until the noon meal. Then extend the promise to supper time. Keep the same guard until after the last meal. Make the promise until bedtime, and in your night prayers, renew it until morning.

(I say dinner and supper, but, as a trapper, I sometimes miss both those meals.)

Faults that catch you un-awares do not break this resolution; but they do form matter for "confessions of devotion." The plan is not meant to prevent frequent confession by those not cut off from priests for long periods of time, as I am . . . but it makes each confession an act of devotion, not of "necessity." Confession and Communion are, of course, essential to gain many of the indulgences you need for yourself, or for the souls in purgatory.

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HAIL!
who hast woven
maidenhood
with
motherhood

okathistos hymn

ner.

Then in our Chicago House, we had a celebration for its foundation anniversary. Bishop Sheil was the guest of honor. He spoke to a large audience of our friends . . . and, in explaining what Friendship House was, he told the story of his recent retreat at the Trappists . . . where the Abbot had asked him about it.

Wor, said the Abbot, a Jewish man, tall, thin, and double-jointed, with the long, gentle face of a poet, a dreamer, and a student, had come to him and asked to be baptized, because he had been in Friendship House. As if that explained everything Bishop Sheil went on to say that to those who knew F.H. . . IT DID.

Perhaps that is so. I would not know. All I know is, that this was how I met Bob Lax, the friend of Thomas Merton, whom that son of Mary has described so well in "Seven Storey Mountain."

Yes . . . I love Jews greatly, because Christ was a Jew and, so was Miriam, His mother . . . and we are spiritual Semites.

And in Bob Lax I saw both Judaism and Christianity . . . the child of Abraham, and of Christ and Mary. Alleluia.

PAX IXTI

He Does His Bit

After many years of practical experience, I felt induced to write this out; because it is not meant for all missionary work to be left to priests and religious communities. The laity should do their share. Even children can do their part.

By force of circumstances I became a lone trapper many years ago. I am still trapping, and living up to the plan I will tell you about. In my young days I had a good Catholic training, learned the real worth of eternal values; so, when I found myself away off in the bush, alone for months on end, I began to think things over.

Trappers' risks are not insurable, and what I have survived would fill a book. Trapping is a life that makes a man more spiritual or more animal. God gave me the grace to see that it need not prevent me from leading a sort of hermit-like life, and there was no reason to abandon my Catholic practices.

I remembered that God created us to know, love, and serve Him, in this world, and to be happy with Him forever in the next; and that the real object of life is the salvation of the immortal soul.

Dying Unprepared

I could not help thinking of the dreadful possibility of falling into a state of MOR-TAL SIN, and dying, cut off from any chance of sacramental aid by sudden death . . . of being lost forever. Sudden death is not exactly

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EDDIE DOHERTY Editor
CATHERINE DE HUECK-DOHERTY Managing Editor
DOROTHY PHILLIPS Circulation Manager

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WHERE LOVE IS — GOD IS

A world poised on the abyss of darkness . . . Men in white . . . working in gleaming laboratories . . . dissecting the awesome mysteries of the atom. Men in offices that are soundproofed, quiet as tombs, dealing with figures that few mortals understand, but that may spell utter destruction and death, not only to thousands, or millions, but to all mankind. Atom bombs, hydrogen bombs . . . in the making . . . in the minds . . . and under the hands of men in buildings sheeted in secrecy, guarded like fortresses of old.

Outside a strange breathless world of men . . . living, eating, selling, buying, taking in marriage . . . yet seemingly also waiting . . . waiting for something fearsome and dark to happen . . . maybe annihilation. Waiting in fear . . . in insecurity . . . in trembling . . . their minds so many vital unseen threads . . . all coming to one point . . . those buildings where men deal with the figures of death and life . . . where they dissect the awesome mysteries of the atom.

Like a Moloch of old, the atom . . . its bomb . . . its death potential . . . is draining men's lives . . . men's souls . . . robbing them of peace . . . of God . . . of their true selves . . . casting them into a desert . . . alone.

In heaven a slender woman prays.

Yet at hand is the answer. Close by is the solution. Into our sinful hands, gently, softly, is placed the thread that will lead us out of the labyrinth of our fears, doubts, un-peace . . . that will close the abyss . . . and, touching the atom, make it a servant, and not an avenging god.

The answer . . . the solution . . . is the Rosary. Yes . . . beads of various sizes, hung in a peculiar fashion of their own, on a piece of string, or a chain . . . silver, gold, or just plain wire . . . at the end of which is a Cross.

The Rosary!

The Rosary of Our Lady . . . called in the days of old her psalter . . . which was "Chanted" for so long. The Creed . . . the Our Father . . . the three Hail Marys, the Glory Be . . . repeated again and again . . . while the beads slide through our fingers.

The Rosary . . . so tiny, so seemingly weak, to be used as a weapon against the unseen but deadly power unleashed by man's mind . . . The Rosary . . . so foolish a weapon against the millions of fists raised by atheistic communism.

The Rosary . . . a prayer of babies . . . youths . . . men . . . women . . . so simple that even the illiterate of this world can say it . . . so profound that the geniuses of this world have not begun to probe its depths.

The Rosary a simple vocal prayer . . . that can lead man into the realism of the highest mental and contemplative prayer!

The Rosary is the answer to all our fears . . . to all our unrest . . . to all our dangers. It finds us everywhere . . . and leads us back from the desert of darkness where we now dwell . . . where, forever and ever, the Prince of Darkness will tempt man to fall down and adore him. Yes . . . it is the answer. Our Lady of Fatima said so.

Oh, why then are we not listening? Why are there so many Catholics who leave the Rosary unsaid? Why aren't the days filled with endless Rosaries . . . that will form a chain to hold the hearts of men anchored to the Heart of God, through Mary His mother?

We must begin now . . . this month of the Rosary, October . . . to weave the net of our salvation. We must start to pray the Rosary daily. We must begin to understand that if we do not . . . our world will perish . . . and we with it . . . and those that will be left . . . will dwell in the catacombs . . . using only, perhaps, the Rosary of God . . . their ten fingers . . . over and over again . . . and weeping because they know why they are underground.

Oh let us pray the Rosary now . . . so that the children of light may continue to dwell in the Light of God's sun . . . so that the world may be restored to Christ the Son of God.

Let us begin today!

FIVE ACRE MEDITATIONS

by Eddie Doherty

On a day like this, some years ago, I climbed a gentle hill not far from Madonna House, that I might be alone in the asters and the wind and the sun.

I went slowly, for I had been long ill, and had not yet fully recovered; and I sat on a rock a long time, looking at the slope below me and the sides of far-off hills.

Shadows of Colors

I watched the shadows of clouds changing the green of the hills to blue and gray and purple, and sometimes to an ebony black. I watched until I was tired, until I could absorb no more of the grandeur of God. Then I plucked a pod from one of the milk-weeds all around me, and idly cut it open to see what mysteries it contained.

It was ridged and green, this pod, soft beneath my fingers, for it was not yet far into September. It was shaped like a cocoon, like a baby cucumber, like an unpickled gherkin, like a very young banana, like a fat little green fish; thick and round in the middle and tapering to a point at the end — the end extended beyond the stem. The point was turned upward, like a finger beckoning to the sun.

A drop or two of white fluid oozed from the stem-end; rich and thick as clotted cream, white as paint. It had no odor I could detect, nor any definite taste, though I but touched my smeared finger to the tip of my tongue.

Oh That Incision!

The glory of the pod lay revealed when I cut it open. There, encased in a shell of pale green satin, were the seeds and their gossamer sails. My hands trembled with the excitement of the perfection I beheld.

The seeds were packed tightly in one end of the pod, each a perfect oval with as definite a rim as the crust of a pie. God Himself, it seemed to me, had pressed down the edges all around each oval, and had done it with such care that each was perfect.

The edges were a cream color that blended so delightfully with the light green of the centers that I could not help saying aloud something that might have been a prayer.

Not until then had I even dreamed there could be such joy in the blending of colors, or in the contemplation of such blending.

The seeds were beautiful enough in their even rows, the higher ones overlapping those just below them, like shingles on a roof, or like scales on a fish; but there were no words in me then, nor are there any now, to describe the shining silk that filled the upper half of the pod. I was so stirred I didn't know myself.

Hidden In A Weed!

Think of such beauty hidden in a weed on a hillside in the backwoods!

The sun was on that silk. And the wind was on it, kissing it, caressing it, blowing it into millions of fine hairs, making it shine so that I could scarcely stand it.

Each seed had its own streamer of silk, its own lovely sail, its own God-given glossy parachute. Each seed would fly away to its own God-appointed destination

when the time was ripe for it to fly.

I chattered to myself, about the artistry and the beauty and the power and the mystery I had found in the milk-weed pod. And I thought that the Lord who had packed so much into a weed that grew untended, had stowed much more in the hearts and the minds of each of His children.

Hidden In You And Me

I could see His loving care in the weed; and I knew that it would fulfill His wishes, seed by ballooning seed. I knew that someday the sun would crack all those pods around me; and millions of seeds would take the air, each bound for its own place on the earth.

But what of the seeds, the thoughts, the purposes, packed in my own unripe mind? What of the promise and the wishes and the aspirations and the desires packed into my heart and soul? Would I fulfill God's purposes half so well as any of those seeds? I am afraid to answer that.

There is a promise of eternal happiness in me, which I may accept — or reject, if I am such a fool. And there are purposes in me I have not yet identified, but which will be made known to me in His Own good time.

I wished that, someday, I could write a story, packed so full of beautiful thoughts and words as that pod was filled with seeds; arranged just so; and ready to go, as missionaries, to all the ends of the earth, to take root and to generate thoughts of God and Mary in the hearts and minds of millions of men.

Floating Prayers

The wind increased a trifle, and I loosed some of the seeds with my clumsy thumb, hoping they would float up into the blue to show God and Our Lady I was thinking of them, even as the weeds and the asters were, and the rocks, and the ferns, and the trees; and that I wished, as they, only to do God's will.

I sent them up, a flying rosary, a shining chain of prayer, not one by one, for my fingers were too thick for such delicate work as that, but in clusters, in families, in decades. Some were lifted to tree-top heights before they fell. Some vanished over the rocks behind me. Some descended into the brush around my feet.

I sent them up also as prayers for all the people I know and love, the living and the dead — and I sent them up to bless all the readers of this little paper.

For it was the Virgin Mary's birthday, a holiday in heaven and on earth.

Happy Birthday, Mary!

I sent them up especially for her pleasure. I wanted, childishly, to have her see again, and love again, and admire and praise again, these wondrous works of God, her Son.

And I did another childish thing, not being ashamed to be a child on Mary's birthday. I gathered a few of the brightest leaves in the woods. Leaves of the poplar, turned to gold and scarlet, leaves of the maple, painted a vivid pink and mauve and orange and lemon and black, leaves of the oak tinted red and brown and burnt

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The B's Corner

Dear Friend; Thank you for coming to Madonna House on the way to your ordination. It was quite a detour to make for such a short stay. Yet you will never know what your coming brought to us . . . nor can I tell you even now all of it . . . because I myself do not know all of it.

But I know that it brought to us a benediction . . . the benediction of a young man about to become a priest. It brought to us fire . . . the fire that burned so brightly in your young heart, and shone through your eyes . . . your face . . . your whole being . . . the fire of the Holy Ghost . . . the fire of love.

A Flaming Robe

It allowed us for a little space of time to touch the hem of zeal . . . which like a flaming robe enveloped your whole young self. And it brought us Mary . . . the Mother of all men . . . but, in a very special way, that night, the Mother of a priest-to-be.

Perhaps it was because you are going to be a priest of an Order consecrated to Her Immaculate Heart. I would not know. But through you she came and dwelled in a special manner among us . . . in this, her house, that stands in the Canadian northland, so white and simple, by a blue quiet river.

Yes . . . thank you for coming to us of Madonna House on the way to your Ordination.

What We Expect

While here you asked me to tell you something about what the laity expects from its priests in these tragic and strange times. At the moment I could not say anything . . . and simply referred you to my little humble set of letters to seminarians, published as "Dear Seminarian."

But today . . . looking over the invitation to your Ordination, which the Lord, in His infinite wisdom, is not going to allow me to attend, because, in the order of His charity I must stay here . . . a thought comes to me that I want to pass on to you, as a tiny gift for your Great Day.

A priest is a road . . . a road which we the laity must travel to Christ's Sacred Heart. It goes this way. He himself wished it so . . . for the way to His Heart is through the Commandments . . . through Mass . . . through the Sacraments.

And you, the priest, must teach us these, His Commandments, preaching the Gospels. You, the priest, must offer the Mass. You, the priest, must dispense the Sacraments. For this you will be ordained in a few days. So you are the road to THE WAY THAT IS CHRIST!

Make Straight His Paths

A road is composed of many things . . . hewed through a wilderness in the beginning . . . all matter foreign to it removed . . . sand and stone mixed in it . . . grading and levelling . . . cementing and asphaltting . . . much must be done before it can be a straight easy road to travel on.

And so you must attend to all this yourself . . . because we shall have to walk through you . . . on you . . . to reach His Sacred Heart. Make straight then the paths of the Lord.

(Continued on Page Three)

COMBERMERE

By Dorothy M. Phillips

Cool, cold and tangy air is drifting unto the scene of our breakfast hour and heavy sweaters and jackets are the order of the day. Soon we will no longer be able to have our meals outside on the porch and hot porridge will be our cereal dish instead of the lighter and cooler corn flakes of summer days.

Boys Leave Tent

Moving indoors for meals is just one part of our adjustments from summer to fall and winter living. Joe and Jerry will be putting the boats away down into the barn at St. Joseph's and all the boys are kept busy piling wood for our kitchen stove and library fireplace. All the chimneys and flues have been cleaned and soon double windows will make their appearance. The gardens have been dug up and ploughed under and the ground is now ready to receive its blanket of snow. The fine smelling herbs which were planted this spring are hanging up drying and will be ready for use before long.

St. Joseph's House, where most of you slept who were here this summer, must be closed for the cold months of the year as it is too expensive to heat on our budget. The women staff workers will soon be moving into their new quarters at St. Martha's where our offices and dormitory will be located. The boys have already felt the sting of the cold enough to move from the tent into St. Peter's.

A Child's Thought

Christmas may seem far away to most of us but there

is a little tale which should interest our readers. It is of a four year old girl here in Combermere. Her brother had been hurt in an accident and B, who as you know does a great deal of nursing in these parts, had been in to see him. As she was leaving the house the little one tugged at her skirts and the expression on her face was obviously a request to be lifted up. Once in her arms the child's lips quickly found her ear and in an excited whisper the words poured forth, "Will Baby Jesus be coming this year like He did last?" Already they have started anticipating His coming. How we hope they will not be disappointed.

Now We Are Twelve

God in His mercy and Our Lady have been good to us again this year. Three young people have applied and been accepted to become staff workers. Two of them Therese Fazackerley and Joe Noble are from Toronto, Ont. And Violet Hadeed is from across the border, from Rochester, N.Y. With these three our total number of year round residents numbers twelve. Two thousand years ago Christ gathered twelve men around Him and taught them truth. Truth which has endured to the present day and will endure until the end of time. And now we are twelve. A little lonely and afraid. We humbly pray that He will teach us these truths and that with the help of His blessed mother we may follow in our own faltering way in the footsteps of His original twelve.

BACK BUSH TRAPPER

(Continued from Page One)
What's 14 Miles Or So?

I am 75 now, and getting younger every day, for one of the effects of the plan is to keep you always feeling young and happy. And when I am in civilization I walk fourteen miles to get to Mass and Communion . . . on Sundays and other days.

In summer time—
Straight and tall the pine trees grow,
With bright green poplar and silver birch.
The sunbeams play and the soft winds blow,
Over the trail that leads to church.

But in winter—
When it's 14 miles all told,
And snow is deep, and it's bitter cold,
I just thank God I am not too old
To travel the trail to church.

When I go to Church I go early, wait for both Masses, have breakfast and dinner in town. That gives me a good long rest and makes the seven miles back to camp easy. Also, getting in early gives me time for private devotions I could not otherwise enjoy.

Sometimes, in the bush, I dream I go to Mass and Communion; and wake with exactly the same feeling as if I had really gone. The effect lasts for days, as it does when I actually go.

Dreams And Realities

One day in September, 1939, it was the last chance of the year to get to Mass and Communion—I set out by canoe over a big and dangerous lake. It meant two days paddling, a day ashore, and two or three more returning, perhaps, if

the weather were bad, making practically a week's trip.

The weather was bad, but all went well the first day. I camped that night in high hope. The next morning things looked so bad I almost gave up the trip, but it tugged too strongly at my heart—what with all the winter's risks before me! I thought if it were God's will that I drown trying to get to Mass, it was my will too.

Once well out it was impossible to turn around to go back without capsizing. And I couldn't swim the length of a paddle. It snowed and sleeted. The rising wind gave the sleet a sting. Low clouds made the world dark. It was often a difficult thing to steer in the blast of the gale. The lake was rough, and kept getting rougher, and the white-caps kept getting higher. I didn't forget to pray. I worked eight hours to cross that ten miles of water. But I got there, and in time!

Well—we all know how easily anyone can form the habit of sinning. Believe me, the habit of NOT SINNING can be formed by this "grace between meals" idea. And what a glorious habit for the young to acquire! And the teen-agers! And the grown-ups! Ah yes, and for the old folks too!

FIVE ACRE MEDITATIONS

(Continued from Page Two)

Sienna. Leaves that God had touched with love.

I brought them home and spilled them in a little heap before her statue on my desk—that she might enjoy the colors, the wondrous tracery of the veins, the exquisite textures and shapes her Son had made; and that she

might enjoy with me, the delight, the happiness, and the thrills God gives to them who love Him and His mother.

A queer birthday present, that little heap of worthless bright dead leaves! But she will treasure it, I know. Because it was gathered up with love; and with love laid at her feet.

A School Of Wisdom

By Francoise De Castro

Near the banks of the Seine, in one of the quietest and most balanced landscapes of "Douce France," there is a "school of wisdom," founded four years ago according to the ideals of Jacques Maritain.

A small mansion of the eighteenth century, an immense park, a living room transformed into a chapel. The house is open to all. Catholics from all countries and all races, Protestants, and unbelievers, come here to find Peace.

Seeking Truth?

They come for a day, a week, a year. They live in poverty. Everybody works. But the essential thing is not, necessary as it may be, the work of one's hands. The aim is to mix, to unite, before the great adventure of the apostolate, laymen and clerics from all over the world, in the great unity of Dominican prayer and Thomistic thought.

It is not by mere chance that the school has been founded within a mile of a great Dominican monastic university, where laymen and priests can attend freely the offices sung by 150 brothers and fathers, students and professors. Every night they walk around the church in the slow procession of the Salve Regina. Every morning the laymen attend the lectures in theology at the monastery. Every year, in August, a Summer School is held in the lay house for visitors of both sexes.

An incredible peace greets one here. Nature, and the presence of people who know how to pray! Every one here understands that the only fruitful apostolate springs from prayer, grows through prayer, and through the superabundance of the gifts of Faith, Hope, and Charity. Here intellectual activity is used as a privileged means to purify minds created in the image of God, and prepare them for contemplation.

Wisdom And Joy

"Contemplata aliis tradere," to give to others the fruits of one's contemplation—the ambitions and yet ever so humble motto of St. Thomas Aquinas—is here the aim of all.

To give to others the fruits of contemplation—and therefore, first of all, to study and to pray . . . prayer deeply rooted in Truth and Love, that is in the life of the Blessed Trinity . . . such is the ideal of this first "school of wisdom," whose mother is the Virgin Mary, the greatest of all contemplatives.

There is so much joy to be found here, so much fervor, so much beauty, such confidence in God, and such certitude that all creation is good! Mortification is so constant, and yet so hidden, that nature seems at last reconciled with grace.

"The religion of my father, Dominic," said Catherine of Sienna, "is wide, joyful, and perfumed."

All are called, men and women, lay people and priests, Christians who have found Truth, and unbelievers who are seeking it . . . all are called to share in that joy, that light, that "living water."

THE B'S CORNER

(Continued from Page Two)

You are being ordained for that. Give us your body . . . as you must . . . by rising early to offer Sacrifice . . . by walking endlessly wherever you are called to heal, to anoint . . . to forgive . . . by sitting still for hours in dark stuffy confessionals, listening . . . listening always with a heart full of pity, understanding, and love . . . to the endless dirge of our countless sins.

But We Want More

I know you will do that . . . because THIS GIVING IS CLEAR TO YOU. But we want more. We want your intellect . . . sharpened by constant study . . . enlightened by ceaseless prayer . . . to bring us His Truth in season and out of season. This I know you are ready to do too.

But what of your heart? We want that also . . . we, the laity, for whom you will be ordained so soon.

Did you think of your heart? Did you think about us walking "through it" . . . some with hobnail boots that will lacerate and cut . . . some with dirty stinking feet . . . some laden with a thousand sins . . . some lightly and gracefully . . . old feet . . . young feet . . . all kinds of feet? Have you thought about that, Son of Mary?

Use Lance Of Love

For . . . don't you see? . . . in order to reach the "opened Heart of Christ," you . . . who will have no centurion handy with a lance to open it for you . . . WILL HAVE TO TAKE THE LANCE OF YOUR BURNING LOVE FOR CHRIST THE PRIEST, AND OPEN YOUR OWN HEART WITH ONE DEEP THRUST . . . THAT WILL INFLICT ON YOU . . . FOR YOUR WHOLE LIFE . . . A PAIN THAT AT TIMES WILL BE SEEMINGLY BEYOND BEARING . . . BUT NEVER TRULY SO . . . FOR HIS GRACE IS ENOUGH.

We, the laity, must have all of you . . . body, intellect, and HEART, to enter the Heart of Christ.

Thank you again for coming to Madonna House on the way to your Ordination.

It was quite a detour to make for such a short stay . . . May God bless you for it . . . and may Mary open to you the gates of her Immaculate Heart, that was so deeply wounded by the many swords.

Book Pre-View

By S. O'C.

"Captain Marooner" by Louis B. Davidson and Eddie Doherty, Publishers: Crowell.

One can't speak about a review until the reviewer has honestly read the book. But the cinema world offers previews of coming attractions, and because a deadline for the October issue of "Restoration" intervened this reviewer can only offer a preview of an absorbingly

interesting sea story.

He is at page 30 as this goes to press, and wishes he were at page 300, so he could more fully tell you of this tale of whaling, murder, mutiny, and terror. He knows that other reviewers have already started making comparisons with "Moley Dick," and "Two Years Before the Mast"—and so can only say, if you like adventure on the high seas, make a note of the title.

Communionism!

Wars have been won

By battle cries,

Causes have been saved

By catch words,

Campaigns have been victorious

By pointed phrases

Therefore

Combat Communism

By Communismism.

This means two things.

Nearly each church unit,
Be what it may,
Can, and often does,
Call itself
A "Communion."

And so each church unit
That is a communion,
That believes in Christ,
That believes in Christianity,
That wants Christianity
tried,
That wants Christianity
practised,
That wants Christianity
in real life,
That wants Christianity
as a cure,
That wants Christianity
as a philosophy,
That wants Christianity
for our ills,
That wants Christian principles and ethics,
That wants real Christianity,
Ought to combat that Communismism

Which denies Christ,
Which destroys Christ,
Which demolishes Christianity.

Each Communion
Is a UNION of
Laborers in the vineyard,
Workers of the valley of life,
Toilers for a time,
for the Lord.

If each church union,
If each communion,
Unites in interested, vital action,
With interest in Christianity,
And vitality with Christ,
Units of truth are formed
To teach against half-truths.
And Communionistic citadels
Are formed.

Secondly, Communionism
Has a special meaning,
Has a meaning of union,
Of many into one;
Has a meaning of the Mystical Body

Of Christ;
Has a meaning too
Of many into one
By the reception of Communion,
The Sacrament of the Body and Blood
Of Christ.
Many receive, and all receive the same.

Many receive, and are made one,
By a common life of grace.

Therefore
By physical Christian action
Of church communities;
By spiritual Catholic action
Of prayer and Holy Communion,
We can
Combat Communism
By Communismism.

—Rev. John Callahan.

Christ-Mass

Christ-Mass . . . is just another way of course of saying CHRISTMAS. It may seem passably strange to you our readers, that we begin speaking of Christ's Birthday so early. Believe us it has nothing to do with the radio commercials, that remind you "to buy NOW because there are only so many days left." Nor is this a plug for the Post Office about "mailing early."

No . . . It has to do with children's eyes. Children who for some reason associate us very simply and directly with BABY JESUS AND HIS BIRTHDAY . . . and with St. Nicolas, His trusted messenger. For as early as this when we meet on the fragrant country roads . . . they hopefully and utterly guilelessly inquire IF BABY JESUS WILL GIVE THEM A PARTY AGAIN ON HIS BIRTHDAY WITH PRESENTS AND CANDIES, AS IN THE PAST?

We assure them He will . . . because for five years He has through you all, but specially through the good teaching sisters who in the forty-eight States of America and the ten provinces of Canada—somehow manage the miracle of gifts multiplied seemingly ad infinitum or at least in overabundance for all our five hundred children . . . from many hidden little villages . . . all our shut-ins, sick, old, and lonely folks.

So once more we write this open letter to all our friends . . . a letter about children's eyes . . . child-like faith . . . holy simplicity, that alone can make hope a certainty.

We write about . . . TOYS, FOR BOYS, FOR GIRLS . . . CATHOLIC BOOKS FOR BOTH . . . BABY RATTLES FOR THE TINY FRY . . . HANDKERCHIEVES, COSTUME JEWELRY, TOILET ARTICLES, SOAP, PERFUME AND THE LIKE FOR THEIR OLDER SISTERS . . . POCKET KNIVES, FOUNTAIN PENS, PENCILS, ETC., FOR THEIR OLDER BROTHERS . . . MITTS, BABOUSHKA'S, EAR MUFFS, FOR EVERYONE . . . RELIGIOUS ARTICLES FOR THE SICK, THE LONELY, THE SHUT-INS . . . BED JACKETS, KNITTING WOOL, CROCHET HOOKS AND THREAD FOR THOSE WHO CAN WHILE AWAY LADEN HOURS . . . IN A WORD ALL THAT YOUR LOVING HEARTS WILL WHISPER TO YOU . . . CAN BE USED HERE IN OUR CANADIAN BACKWOODS TO BRING THE JOY OF CHRIST-MASS TO ALL.

AND FOR MADONNA HOUSE ITSELF TO HELP TO CHEER MANY . . . SEND US, FRIENDS OF CANADA . . . AN UPRIGHT PIANO FOR ST. MARTHA'S HOUSE . . . WHERE YOUTH

WILL RENDER GLORY TO GOD IN WHOLESOME RECREATION.

ALL ARTICLES CAN BE SENT IN FOURTEEN POUND PACKAGES BY MAIL DIRECT TO MADONNA HOUSE, COMBERMERE, ONTARIO, CANADA, OR BY R.R. EXPRESS OR FREIGHT TO THE SAME ADDRESS VIA CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAY AND BARRY'S BAY, ONT., CANADA, STATION.

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THANK YOU IN HIS NAME.

Catherine Doherty.

They Knew Him In The Breaking Of The Bread

By Catherine Doherty

Long ago Christ revealed Himself to two of His disciples "in the breaking of the bread," as He had done in many other ways through His earthly life. We of this pitiful century have forgotten that every action of our day should be God's. That by all we do—except sin—we can glorify His name.

But of all the things forgotten . . . left behind by us, the truly lost generation—is the breaking of bread, symbol of rest, the re-creation, the gathering-up of all the parts of ourselves that have been used through the day in the work of our state of life, to be refreshed, renewed by the taking in of food.

Food Is Holy

A meal is — A SACRAMENT. All religions of mankind used it as a symbol. But Christ alone made it the very center of our Faith, giving Himself as the food and drink without which we will lose our eternal destiny, the Beatific Vision — God Himself. Distinctly He said — "Unless you eat My Flesh and drink My Blood, you will not have life in you."

Yes every meal is a sacramental. It should be prepared with love . . . it should be eaten in peace . . . in love . . . because its purpose is to strengthen us for the service of Love . . . of God.

But all around us are the signs of our forgetfulness . . . of our being "lost." Behold this eating house advertises "quick lunches." That one goes further, and with mistaken pride invites all to a "five minute lunch." Even the home is now so planned, so arranged, that the family eats at tables resembling lunch counters, tables that may be utilitarian, may occupy little space, but are ungracious, and far, far removed from anything dimly resembling "gracious living" . . . the right kind of gracious living, which must truly have begun in Nazareth and

continued in Bethany . . . for all things the Lord did . . . were gracious.

Eating For God

Let us then begin all over again TO EAT FOR THE GLORY OF GOD. Graciously. Peacefully. Joyously. No matter what the fare, let it be prepared carefully, prayerfully, LOVINGLY, and to the best of one's ability, using what God in His great mercy has seen fit to give each one of us today to prepare it with.

Especially let "EATING FOR THE GLORY OF GOD" be part of the apostolate of the family. Let it begin with grace-prayer. For grace is a holy word that means "gift of God" . . . "Help from God" . . . and "graciousness" is but a derivative of GRACE . . . FOR WHERE WOULD WE ALL BE BUT FOR HIS GRACE?

Candle-making is cheap. The family could easily learn it. And the soft glow of home-made candles, like charity, will cover much that is better left unseen, and bring the peace of God's altar into all hearts around the table, which in a manner of speaking is an "ALTAR" too.

Oil cloth . . . plastic . . . cotton . . . fine linen, it matters not, so long as it is spotlessly clean. For cleanliness is part of the purity of men's hearts.

Vocation To Love

The food itself will be whatever the pocketbook can buy. But let it be well prepared . . . well seasoned. For cooking is an art. The art of blending. It demands all of the cook's attention, all of her imagination, and above all—ALL OF HER LOVE. It is a visible sign of the invisible but ever present grace of her vocation to love.

Knowledge begotten by constant training is needed in the novitiate of the kitchen, as much as in any other novitiate. And so, part of the cook's vocation is study — orderly and constant. It would be a good thing, if we Catholics following the thoughts expressed in that beautiful book (which should be on the shelves of every Christian Family) COOKING FOR CHRIST, by Burger, would form a RECIPE EXCHANGE CLUB and write one another for tastier, newer, better recipes. It would be a new, tiny extension or growth of the Lay Apostolate of the Kitchen, that is truly common to all, and would bring together those who indeed with all their hearts desire TO COOK FOR CHRIST IN OTHERS.

Christ and Cooking

We of RESTORATION are willing to act as go-betweens. Send us your name and address and we will publish them, so that you can get in touch with one another, and through Christ and cooking, get to know one another better, and grow in love of both.

This is but the first of a series of articles on "knowing Christ in the Breaking of Bread" written expressly for the two "Pat Crowleys," and their wonderful Family Apostolate — in deep gratitude and fraternal love for their gift of themselves to us of Friendship House, Canada, this summer at our Family Week.

With each article, we will give a recipe that might help that living in grace — gracious living — at meal time, and thus restore yet another part of our day to Him by Whom each moment is given us.

COTTAGE CHEESE PIE

(For a hungry family of six)

Make pie crust (2) as per YOUR favorite recipe. Then take:

- 1 lb of fresh cottage cheese
- 2 tblsps. of melted butter or margarine
- 1 cup of sugar (or more if you like it sweeter)
- 1 cup of seedless raisins
- 1 egg whole.

Mix all ingredients well. Fill pies (open style). Bake at 350 F. for 40 minutes. Serve hot or cold. Both are delicious. Can be used for school lunches too.



ERRATA

OLGA . . . KSENIA . . . and MARINNA . . . are still at the address we gave in the August issue of Restoration . . . but I forgot to give their last names . . . and so many friends were unable to reach them . . . but many did and we four are most grateful to them. May God bless them and Mary keep them.

Olga's name is KOLYSCH-KINE.

Ksenia and Marinna's is GROBAR.

The address is still — 923 Blake Av., Brooklyn 7, NYC, NY.

A Decalogue Of Race

1. Thou shalt not bow down before the false gods of "racial superiority."
2. Thou shalt not vaunt thyself that only THY race is "pure."
3. Thou shalt not preach that races or peoples are at different levels of physical development.
4. Thou shalt not claim that racial differences are of fundamental biological import.
5. Thou shalt not establish racial groups as fixed and unchangeable.
6. Thou shalt not, to the

detriment of thy neighbor, assert that cultural achievements are based on racial characteristics.

7. Thou shalt not hold that "racial personality traits" are innate and inherited.

8. Thou shalt not demean thy brother because his appearance differs from thine.

9. Thou shalt not, because a man is of a different religion, insist that he belongs to a different race.

10. Thou SHALT faithfully and sincerely observe the foregoing admonitions and then, indeed, thou wilt love thy neighbor as thyself.

—W. M. Krogman, Department of Anthropology, University of Chicago.

Visiting Priest Gives Us This Sermonette

I wonder if, in the history of American slang, you remember the smart answer that our younger groups used to give the person meddling or gossiping about something, not of his concern — "M.Y.O.B." That meant, "Mind your own business."

Those letters remind us of the word "mob"; a crowd moved by mob psychology and capable of heroism or hatred, of riot or destruction, or of something extraordinarily good.

That brings to mind the mob at the foot of the cross. As Christ looked over their heads, He could understand the love of His friends and the hate of His enemies. But what was hard to understand was the indifference of those on the fringe—the two women gossiping about the price of olives and hardly giving a glance while God died, the two men haggling over the value of Paschal lambs, not deigning to dignify death by even a thought.

We can understand better the words of Sacred Scripture, "I would that you were hot or cold, but because thou art lukewarm, I will begin to vomit thee out of my mouth."

Today also Christ can understand the love of His friends, because it is hot; and the hatred of His enemies, because it is cold. But He cannot, in a sense, understand the "yackety-yak," the babble of tongues that are lukewarm, and that meddle and gossip. Such hurt Him now as it hurt Him on the cross.

Today He seeks a refuge. It is in the enclosed gardens of souls, where there is stillness and quiet, where there is a lack of curiosity and self-seeking. He stands at the garden gate of the soul, and knocks. If the soul has not learned to M.Y.O.B., then, possibly, it may be one that is only on the fringe of the MOB.

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